

NONSENSE AVENUE

*If your name you find herein
Please take it with a grin.
For, when all is said and done,
This stuff is all in fun.*

Tanglefoot (after football night):—"What do you call a good time, Gorman?"

Gene (cynically):—"A good hot game of forty-fives with the old man."

John A. was counting his money. "Now, let me see," he muttered. "When I took The Girl out last night I had twenty-five cents. Now I have fifteen." The Scotchman scratched his head. "I wonder where the other dime went?"

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

Our big college bulldog named Larry one morning
Lay dozing at ease in his stall on the hay,
His ponderous form he relaxed in contentment,
Resolved to take comfort for most of the day.

Now bulldogs are noted for determination,
Their motto is, "sure, what we have we will hold."
But Larry ne'er thought he need get pugilistic
In order to stay in there out of the cold.

A breakfastless ox that had been out to labour
Returned to the stall to partake of the hay.
He entered quite boldly the den of the dozer,
And here there ensued a tumultuous fray.

The ox, in a fury at sight of the bulldog,
In accents quite certain demanded his prize;
The bulldog, as yet scarce aroused from his slumbers,
Returned not a word, nor e'en lifted his eyes.

The ox in his ire still kept up the tumult,
Till Larry no longer his rage could subdue,
Then arose such a howling and bawling and growling,
As ne'er round the college before did ensue.

"Your favor I'll grant when I no longer need it."
 "I'll have it at once, understand," returned he.
 "Yes, I understand," said the dog with sarcasm.
 That made the ox nothing but fiery red see.

The ox in his anger then charged on the bulldog.
 "Don't speak in that fashion to me, do you hear!"
 The bulldog quite briskly prepared to encounter,
 Though each for the other possessed secret fear.

'Tis hard to suppose how the fray might have ended
 Had stalwart Gus Kelly not chanced on the scene.
 They deemed it not prudent to rouse his fierce temper
 And parted with things as at first they had been.

Religion Professor:—"Gorman, what are Copts?"
 Gene:—"Well, I ain't sure, Father, but at home
 they're all Irish, see."

Paoli:—"Next summer I plan to go to Hollywood."
 John:—"Will you bring Mary along?"
 Paoli:—"Naw, that would be like bringing a ham
 sandwich to a banquet."

Prof:—"This indicator turns red in acid solution and
 blue in basic."

C. McQ.:—"Got anything with a bell on it, Father?
 I forgot my glasses."

The chief received a pot of gold,
 Upon its side an inscription bold,
 And 'neath its lid a paper roll
 With greetings from his Redwing.

Prof:—"Are you chewing gum, Mr Higgins?"
 Jimmie:—"No, sir, I'm soaking a prune for supper."

Pineau:—"Did you see this picture of me and my dog?"
 Roach (sarcastically):—"Which is the dog?"
 Joe C.:—"The dog is white."

Lines Written on the Antiquity of Microbes
 Adam
 Had 'em.

Chem. Prof:—"Mr. Roche, what is an important chemical property of antimony, whose formula is Sb?"

Roche:—"It's very active."

Prof:—"What reason have you for your answer?"

Roche:—"Well, my room-mate has the same formula and he's very active."

Phil. Prof:—"Quotuplex sit vitae gradus, Domine Kelly?"

Gus:—"Triplex."

Prof:—"Enumerentur."

Gus:—"Prima, secunda, tertia."

McCarthy:—"If you don't say you love me I'll make faces at you."

She:—"Oh, Jim, you couldn't!"

Doris:—"Thanks for the evening."

Roche:—"Don't mention it, dear."

Doris:—"Don't worry. I'll never tell a soul."

Jerry:—"I'll be frank with you. You're not the first girl I ever kissed."

She:—"And I'll be frank with you. You should try some other form of entertainment."

POLLY ON HIMSELF

My stature is small but my brains don't compare,
I'm gifted with wisdom so rich and so rare.
I am of the class of Arts, year number two,
And 'tis for that reason I'm better than you.

Although in a haze so I scarcely can see,
I picture myself in the years still to be
A wise old philosopher from whose sage head
Will come forth old saws to live when I'm dead.

Now, friends, bide your time, for in days yet to come
You'll talk about Polly, your old college chum.
And though you're not able to see as I see,
Remember an acorn may become a large tree.

Warning—To all you sleeping-hounds:

Peter "Chief" Gill is an "Early-Bird."

McGaughey (doubtful about Santa):—"Sir, is there a Santa Claus?"

Eng. Prof: (kindly):—"By Jove, I don't want to spoil your Christmas, but, I mean, I really don't believe there is."

Wight:—"Why is this a holiday?"

McAree:—"It's Armistice Day."

Wight:—"What's Armistice Day?"

Two-gun (impatiently):—"Oh, it's the Rector's birthday."

JACK'S SOLILOQUY

Oh, Christmas is a merry time
 Of cheerful song and happy meetings,
 When friends, assembled round the tree,
 Extend each other season's greetings.
 The children, playing with their gifts,
 Laugh with delight and like emotions;
 The elders, round the banquet board,
 Do cheerily quaff the festive potions.
 But not for me this revelry,
 ('Tis gay enough, and glad, I know)
 Had I my way I'd stay all day
 With PEG beneath the mistletoe.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

The American Language—Gene Gorman
 How to win friends and influence people—Smitty.
 Asylum—Prefect of the Dormitory.
 Plato on "Friendship and Love"—Translated by C.
 McQuaid.
 Art of Public Speaking—"Dropkick" Murphy.
 Dames, Dinners, and Dollars—Jerry Connolly.
 Gone with the Wind—Harold Hennessy.

"Mary had a little lamb."
 So Paoli won't speak to "Sheep" McGuigan.

THE METRIC SYSTEM

The metric system was first introduced in Guelph, Ontario, by a well-known royal personage on January 16, 1937. It consists of atoms and molecules which, when united, may be used for the weighing of water by the pound. This royal personage first gained a knowledge of this system while crossing the Alps in search of the missing link of the empire. When he reached the summit of Mount Logan he began to compare his new system with the multiplication table and found them identical, although there was quite a difference.

Now let us take a field that is 150 depimeters long and 16 pentameters wide. It is very easy to get the area in hexameters if one knows the system according to Hoyle.

My opponents may bring up the argument that the latest ships use the lineal measure. I can disprove this statement. Take the ship "Normandie." She is 10 decimeters long and 2 centimeters wide with a height of 5 millimeters. Isn't this convincing evidence that the Metric System is the only system in Canada today?

How would we weigh sugar without the metric system? How could we measure a field without that splendid idea of Wentworth's? Now for a comparison of the two systems.

- 1 Centus metrius—3 leagues
- 1 Centus grimus—11 lbs.
- 1 Hextus gramus—2 feet

What a wonderful system to be adopted here in Prince Edward Island. Of course, it was here for a while after the war, but when the stock market dropped it was abolished for cube measure.

Let me ask you a few questions. How could the boot-legger measure his rum without this system? How could we count the spiles on the Hillsborough Bridge without it? How could we figure the calendar year without it? We could not. The Metric System is the one and only system on the earth today. Men have died for it. Let us hope that no more will die from it.

A law was passed in Napier, B. C. a while back, forbidding the use of any system other than the Metric; but many did not obey this law and were thus sentenced to severe flogging.

Aristotle first spoke of this in his essay on "Man, the metric individual." I shall quote him: "O metric,

thou unsurmountable barrier between learning and knowledge, thou art mine." And thus we see that the metric system was certainly part of the plans of Agricola. Taking into consideration all the points in the meter and in the miter and adding them together, you get the metermiter.

Judges, I exhort you, to give the decision in my favor, and with these few words I take my seat.
(This masterpiece was heard during a recent debate).

SONG HITS

And I Had but thirty cents—Jerry Connolly.
When Frances dances with me—John A. MacDonald.
Dr. Croteau's Ragtime Band—The Orchestra.
There once was an Indian maid—Chief Gill.
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight—Boudreau
(on a Junior night).
Wake up and live—Larry Landrigan.
They go wild, simply wild, over me—Jack Sullivan.

THINGS WE COULD DO AWAY WITH

Economics.
Landrigan's reveille.
Sullivan's moralizing.
Brennan (in toto).
Second helpings for Paoli.

French Prof:—"Mr. Rossiter, translate, 'j'ai mangé un oeuf à la coque.'"

Rossiter:—"I ate a rooster's egg."

